And they haue troopes of ſoldiers at their becke?
Exet. But when the D. is ſlaine, theile quicklie flie.
King. Far be it from the thoughtes of *Henries* hart
To make a ſhambles of the parlement houſe.
Coſen of *Exeter*, words, frownes, and threats,
Shall be the warres that Henrie meanes to vſe.
Thou factious duke of Yorke, deſcend my throne,
I am thy ſoueraigne.
York. Thou art deceiu'd: I am thine. (*York*
Exet. For ſhame come downe he made thee D. of
York. Twas mine inheritance as the kingdome is.
Exet. Thy father was a traytor to the crowne.
War. *Exeter* thou art a traitor to the crowne.
In following this vſurping *Henry*.
Clif. Whom ſhould he follow but his naturall king.
War. True *Clif*, and that is *Richard* Duke of Yorke.
King. And ſhall I ſtande while thou ſitteſt in my
throne?
York. Content thy ſelfe it muſt and ſhall be ſo.
War. Be Duke of *Lancaſter*, let him be king.
Weſt. Why? he is both king & Duke of *Lancaſter*,
And that the Earle of *Weſtmerland* ſhall maintaine.
War. And *Warwike* ſhall diſproue it. You forget
That we are thoſe that chaſte you from the field
And ſlew your father, and with colours ſpred,
Marcht through the Cittie to the pallas gates.
Nor. No *Warwike* I remember it to my griefe,
And by his ſoule thou and thy houſe ſhall rew it.
Weſt. *Plantagenet* of thee and of thy ſonnes,

Thy kinſmen and thy friendes, Ile haue more liues,
Then drops of bloud were in my fathers vaines.
Clif. Vrge it no more, leaſt in reuenge thereof,
I ſend thee *Warwike* ſuch a meſſenger,
As ſhall reueng his death before I ſtirre.
War. Poore *Clifford*, how I ſkorn thy worthles threats
York. Will ye we ſhew our title to the crowne,
Or elſe our ſwords ſhall plead it in the field?
King. What title haſte thou traitor to the Crowne?
Thy father was as thou art Duke of *Yorke*,
Thy grandfather *Roger Mortimer* earle of *March*,
I am the ſonne of Henrie the Fift who tamde the *French*,
And made the Dolphin ſtoope, and ſeazd vpon their
Townes and prouinces.
War. Talke not of *France* ſince thou haſt loſt it all.
King. The Lord protector loſt it and not I,
When I was crownd I was but nine months old.
Rich. You are olde enough now and yet me thinkes
you loſe,
Father teare the Crowne from the Vſurpers head.
Edw. Do ſo ſweet father, ſet it on your head.
Mont. Good brother as thou louſt & honorſt armes,
Lets fight it out and not ſtand cauilling thus.
Rich. Sound drums and trumpets & the king will fly.
York. Peace ſonnes:
Northum. Peace thou and giue king *Henry* leaue to
ſpeake. (me?
King. Ah *Plantagenet*, why ſeekeſt thou to depoſe
Are we not both both *Plantagenets* by birth,